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FOR SIZE AND SHAPE.

"THE FIRST THING THAT PHRENOLOGIST EXCLAIMED WHEN HE SAW ME
WAS: 'WHAT A HEAD!'"
"WHERE WERE YOU THE NIGHT BEFORE?"

• LIFE •

Solid Silver

(Exclusively.)



Designed
and made by
Whiting M'f'g Co.

Massachusetts Naval Brigade Trophy.



WHITING M'F'G Co.

Silversmiths,

Broadway & 18th St.,

NEW YORK.

WE MAKE SOLID SILVER ONLY,
OF STERLING QUALITY $\frac{925}{1000}$ FINE,
EVERY ARTICLE BEARING OUR TRADE-MARK.
THEREFORE PURCHASERS SECURE ENTIRE
FREEDOM FROM FALSE IMPRESSIONS.

HILTON, HUGHES & CO.,

Successors to A. T. STEWART & CO.

YOU NEEDN'T LOOK TWICE

as matter of precaution at anything you buy here. We stand behind everything we sell. If goods purchased of us are not exactly as represented you can be sure of two things: 1—That we were deceived first; 2—That you can have your money back for the asking.

Women's Shirt Waists

Surely some good genius devised Shirt Waists, so easy, so dressy, so cheap. Half a dozen Shirt Waists, half a dozen Skirts, jumble them up and you have suit combinations almost past counting.

Chintz Shirt Waists, laundered collar and cuffs, gathered front, yoke back, white ground with pink, blue and black stripes, **50c.**

Percalé Shirt Waists, gathered front yoke back, laundered collar and cuffs, very neat patterns. **65c.**

Fine percalé Shirt Waists, white grounds with pink and blue pin stripes, laundered collar and cuffs, **\$1.**

Fine percalé Shirt Waists, gathered front and back, laundered collar and cuffs, pretty patterns, **\$1.25.**

Sateen Shirt Waists, yoke back, plaited blouse, in pretty patterns, laundered collar and cuffs, **\$1.75.**

Shirt Waists in lawn and dimity, laundered collar and cuffs, pretty patterns, **\$1.75 and \$2.**

Speedway Bicycles \$60

High grade Bicycles, with the makers warrant (and ours) behind every one. Look them over. Get your Bicycle-wise friend to pass on their points. Not so good machines were \$150 a year or so ago.

Basement.

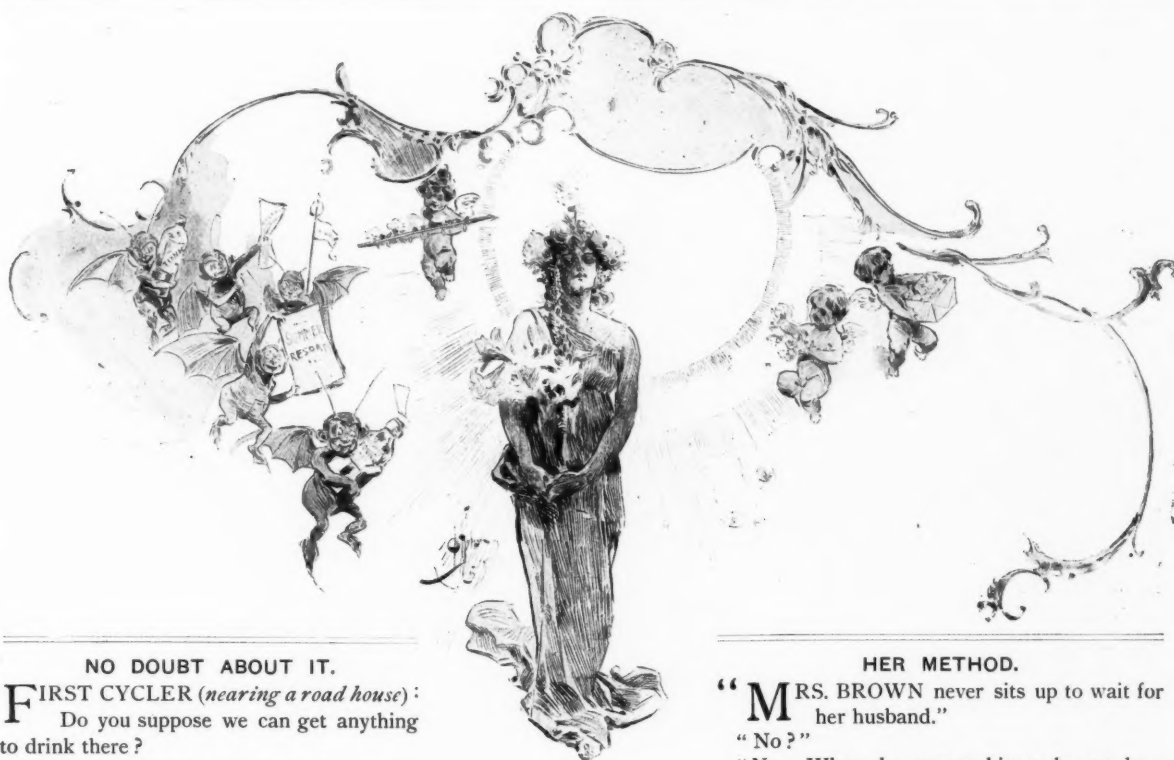
Sewing Machines

So far as we know there isn't a better Sewing Machine in the market, no mat-

ter what the name, than the Stewart No. 2 at **\$18.75.** Try it any way, put it to any test, it's as near a perfect Machine as can be made. When sold in the commission way \$55 or \$60 would be counted a close price for one. It is because we strip off all these extra costs and give you the Machine just as we give you any other goods that we can make the price so small.

The No. 1 Stewart at **\$12.75** is full size, with three drawers, and is warranted for five years. We believe it to be by far the best Machine ever sold for as little as \$15 even.

Sewing Machines are delivered free anywhere in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains.



NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

FIRST CYCLER (*nearing a road house*):
Do you suppose we can get anything
to drink there?

SECOND CYCLER: Just look at the
enormous aggregation of wheels in the
carriage shed.

JUNE.

HER METHOD.

"MRS. BROWN never sits up to wait for
her husband."

"No?"

"No. When she expects him to be out late,
she retires early, sets the alarm at three o'clock,
and gets up, refreshed and reproachful."

HOW SHE WAS BUSINESS-LIKE.

P. S.—I have determined that this letter shall be as business-like
as possible, so will add no postscript. Once more.

Yours, etc.,

JANE DOE.

SHE (*just returned from a lecture on the French Revolution*):
What horrible men they were! It only shows how the thirst
for blood grows until it becomes a passion. Thank heaven, such men
do not exist in these days.

HE: I don't know about that. Look at our cable car gripmen.



WHY?

UNEQUAL portions seem to be
Allotted unto man.
For some have all, and others naught;
And this by Nature's plan.
Why are some portions cut so large,
And others cut so small?
Why should she have her heart and mine?
And I have none at all?

Tom Masson.



AN IRISH SETTER.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

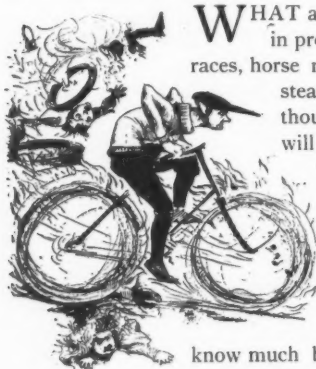
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19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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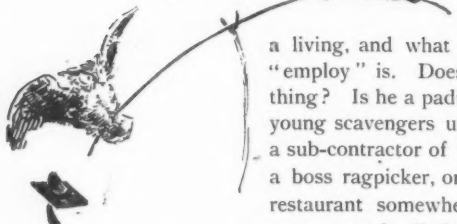
WHAT a racing summer we have in prospect. Yacht races, boat races, horse races, bicycle races, ocean steamship races, too, perhaps, though these last, as always, will be carefully unintentional and informal. The international element will be present in many of these contests to make them doubly interesting. A great sporting season is upon us, and we shall

know much before it is over about the comparative ability of English and American teams and lungs and keels and sails and legs. May the best critter win, whether it is horse or man or sail-boat. Let her go, Gallegher!

A MAN named Clews, be a resident of New in the newspapers as saying college graduate in my em- readers of LIFE may have

Henry Clews, said to York, has been quoted "I will not have a col- ploy." Perhaps some heard of Clews (or Clues possibly) and may know what he does for

a living, and what sort of a job his "employ" is. Does he peddle some- thing? Is he a padrone with a lot of young scavengers under him? Is he a sub-contractor of street-cleaning, or a boss ragpicker, or does he keep a restaurant somewhere? The man's name sounds distinctly familiar, and he must have been somebody or some- thing at some time or his observation would not have got into the papers. Some reader of LIFE may know about him, but whoever he is LIFE is sorry for him, that his business is such that he can't employ college graduates in it. They are good to employ in all respectable vocations or industries that



call for intelligent labor. They are good companions, good citizens, good employes and tens of thousands of them are good employers. A whole lot of new ones—thousands of them—will be turned loose on the world this month, and if Clews needs more men or more women in his employ it is a pity for him that he can't get some college graduates. It seems odd that he should have published his disability, but no doubt he is a talkative person who speaks first and thinks afterwards. There is a suggestion in his remark that college graduates are not profitable workers. They may not be in all industries. Perhaps they wouldn't be for Clues, but the old fiction that a college education impairs a man's ability to earn a living was exploded so long ago that a man who seems still to lean to that persuasion is nothing less than grotesque in his perversity.



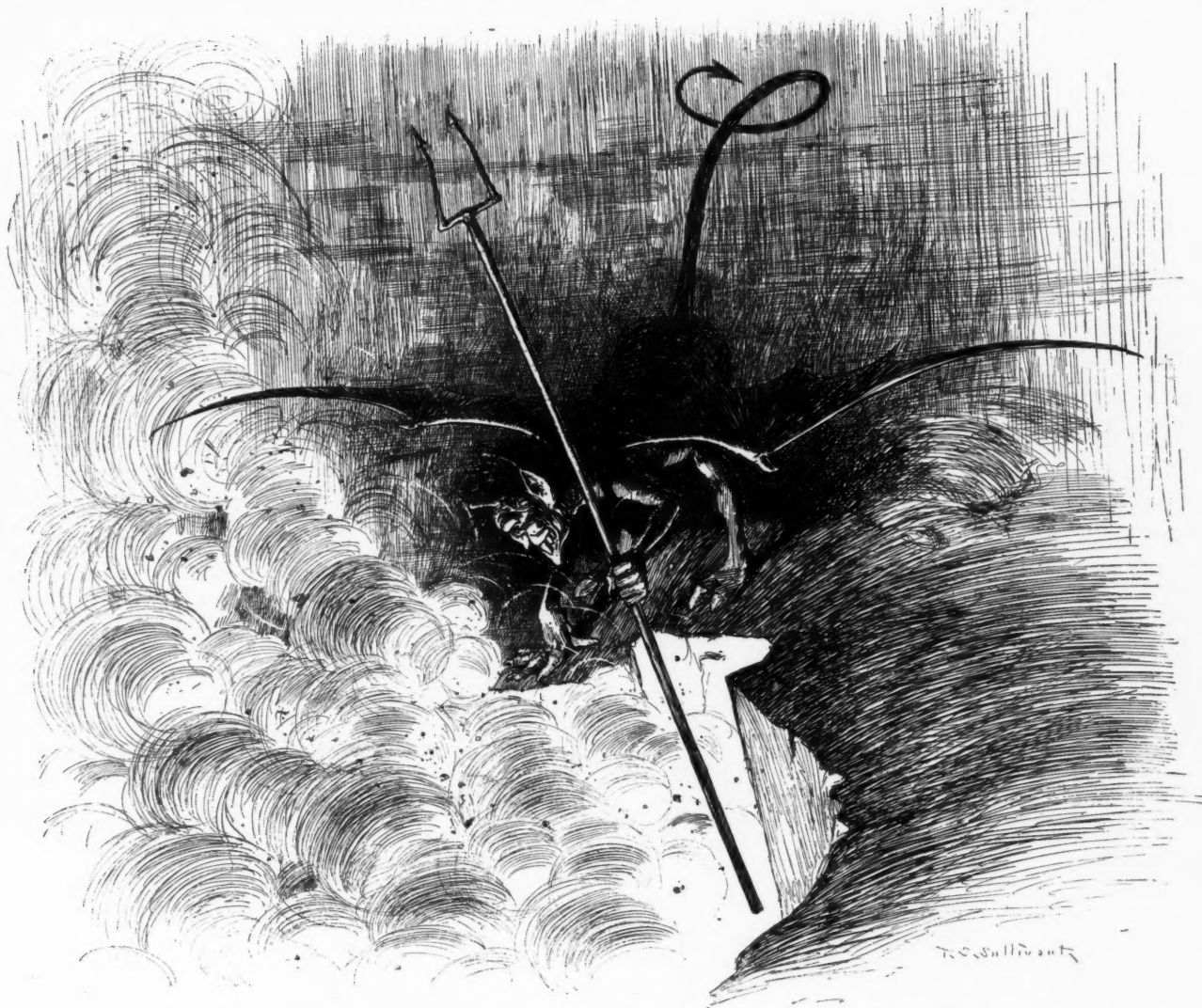
WHAT bold men bishops are, and what daring things they say! It seems as if they never talked bolder or raised a greater outcry than when they talk to young ladies at girls' schools. It was before such an audience, if LIFE remembers right, that Bishop Coxe, of Buffalo, made his celebrated remarks about the bicycle-girl; Bishop Coxe has spoken again this year to a graduating class of young ladies, and has told them that while he was in favor of the higher education for girls he was opposed to the "new woman" and her new principles, and especially opposed to her mannishness. These are conservative sentiments proper to a bishop and shared by very many of the laity, so there will be no serious complaint made of Bishop Coxe for what he has said this year.

The bishop that has put his foot in it up to the top of his right reverend gaiters is Bishop Doane of Albany. He, also, addressed a girls' school and told the maidens there how deadly tired he was of "woman's rights," and what dire calamities would descend upon the land if Woman Suffrage came to pass in New York State. Bishop Doane has been a popular man for many years, but there never was such a demand for locks of his hair as there has been since he made that speech. Mrs. Lillie Devereaux Blake wants a lock, Mrs. Stanton wants two or three, Miss May Mills wants one, also Miss Keeler, also a dozen other dames, and each seems willing to pull her lock out for herself.

LIFE salutes you, Bishop Doane. Dr. Parkhurst, who might be a bishop, perhaps, if he were not a Presbyterian, has views on the woman's rights question that are not very different from yours, and he expressed his lately. The other side are outspoken enough. There should be free speech on this momentous question, even for the clergy.



He: FRENCH ENABLES ONE TO EXPRESS SUCH DELICATE SHADES OF MEANING, YOU KNOW.
"Yes, I know. AND SUCH INDELICATE ONES TOO."



The Old Boy: SO YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE THERE WAS ANY SUCH PLACE AS THIS, EH! HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT IT NOW?
Voice from the Bottomless Pit: OH! IT'S TOO DAMNED HOT TO DISCUSS RELIGION!



A MARKED CONTRAST.

THE New York *Tribune*, in referring to Harrison and Cleveland in the same breath recently, took occasion to contrast the two men and their personalities. Cleveland, said the *Tribune*, has always been a "poseur" before the American people, never losing an opportunity to produce an effect; whereas Brother Harrison, modest and retiring little man that he is, has always kept himself in the background.

There is certainly a marked difference between the two men. On the silver question Cleveland's position is unmistakable, but Mr. Harrison is so modest and retiring about it that no one knows just what his views are. Perhaps he does not himself. But Mr. Harrison has been known to pose. For instance, during his recent visit to New York, and if the *Tribune* has eyes to see, it will detect just behind the delicately rounded ear in the background of Mr. Eastman Johnson's picture the faint but unmistakable outlines of an active presidential bee.

"DUDES will smoke the deadly cigarette."
 "Yes, that's one good thing about dudes."



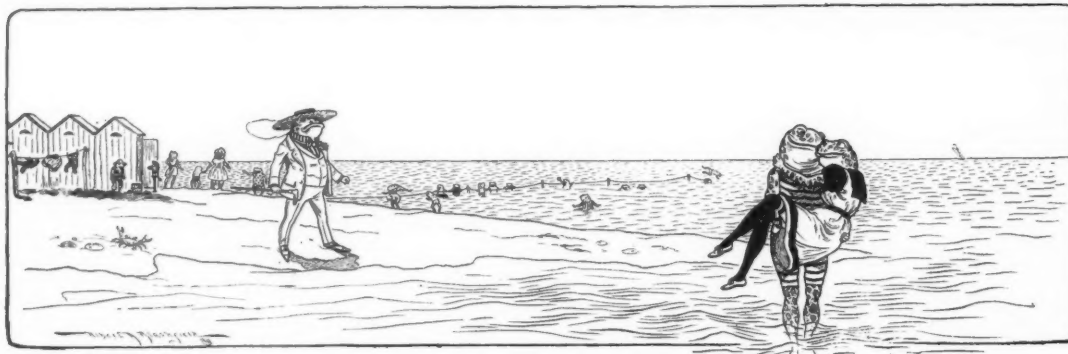
PUZZLE.

FIND THE MARRIED



PUZZLE.

ND THE MARRIED MAN.



BEFORE THE CITY PEOPLE ARRIVE.

WHEN BEATRICE SINGS.

MY Beatrice sings and plays
her lute,
Such heavenly music makes!
The silver wires stretch and sigh
One, on a sudden, breaks.

If wire snaps with ecstasy
When sweetest Beatrice sings
What happens, think you, when
she plays
Upon my poor heart strings?

Ethel Dudley Morse.

TOO BAD.

HOW sad that such fine gentlemen as the cultured Corbett and the refined Fitzsimmons have such difficulty to find a place to fight each other in. Florida is the latest state to give them the cold shoulder, and now it almost seems as if they had no ground to fight upon. Clamoring for each other's blood, eagerly waiting for the time to come when they can tear each other limb from limb if necessary to vindicate their honor, restless with sanguinary enthusiasm, it is a pity to thwart them thus in their high and noble purpose, to keep them burning with suspense, palpitating with hope deferred. But after all, are not our state laws deficient with regard to prize fighting? Would it not be better to reverse them, to compel the men to fight, and then to make it a crime to talk?

UNKNOWN DOMESTICS OF WELL-KNOWN MEN.

W. DEAN HOWELLS' BUTLER.

THIS is a series of articles calculated to supply what We feel sure has been a long-felt want of the great American public. At one time, when the spirit of inquiry was not so developed as it is now, the public was satisfied to read the lives of those individuals whose genius it admired. Of late years, however, an appetite has been created—aye—and nobly satisfied by the press—for the lives of the Wives of men of genius. The appetite grows for what it feeds upon, and then the lives of the Daughters of these public idols were eagerly consumed by a devouring public. The latest titbit offered, we notice, by an ambitious caterer to public curiosity, is the lives of Children of men of genius. We hear that the data and material is being collected for the lives of second cousins and great aunts of men of genius, which, of course, will be teeming with interest. It is obvious

that Shakespeare's mother-in-law's half brother must have materially influenced his dramatic architecture.

Therefore, it is with no apology, but rather with a strong confidence, that we are giving the intelligent reader just what he likes, that we offer this series of earnest and faithful pen portraits of the

"UNKNOWN DOMESTICS OF WELL-KNOWN MEN."

JOHN BLENHEIM BLOBBBS, the faithful and interesting butler of the great American-anti-plot-ultra-descriptive-



conscientious novelist, is a medium sized man, with a pear-shaped body, and a British tendency to beefiness.

Although his noted master has not treated the Britons in his noted Brain Photographs very kindly, focusing them wrongly, and never retouching them, he has shown great consideration for Mr. Blobbs, who is an undoubted Briton. Knowing the great novelist's distinctly American characteristics, I was rather skeptical as to whether he would keep a really English servant,

which is, of course, the correct thing to do. Mr. Blobbs put things right at once by dropping three h's, and in response to my inquiry as to his health, answered that he was "Rippin'."

Mr. Blobbs's conversation is deeply interesting, as the conversation of the butler of a noted novelist would naturally be. He told me that W. D. H. presents him with all his old clothes, and mentioned, incidentally, that the trousers are apt to be very baggy at the knees. Mr. Blobbs has appeared as a character in several of Mr. Howells' stories, but a very natural and commendable delicacy prevented him



EASIER TO WAIT.

"SAY, PARD, YOU'LL NEVER GET ANYTHING TO EAT STANDIN' OUTSIDE DE DOOR."

"I KNOW IT. I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR SOME KIND STRANGER TO COME ALONG AND RING THE BELL. SEE?"

from telling me just which ones they were. He has been very helpful to Mr. Howells in assisting him in those well-known descriptions of dinner tables and candelabra, which have thrilled all the novel-reading public. Those dainty word-pastels of almost supernatural and dazzling accuracy, dealing with portieres and leather chairs, which have sent many a hungry novel reader into a profound and healthful asleep, are due to the direct influence of Mr. Blobbs.

It is not every genius's butler who can say this!

Mr. Howells has given Mr. Blobbs strict orders that if ever he hears him say anything bright, he is to take it down in shorthand. For this purpose the faithful butler learned shorthand. That was four years ago; he has entirely forgotten shorthand now.

Mr. Blobbs was born in South Lambeth, London, in the year 1848, of poor, but dishonest parents. His mother was well-known at the Bow Street Police Court, and was buried by the parish some years ago, with great simplicity. We regret to say, that with the best intentions in the world, we have been, with Mr. Blobbs' help, quite unable to discover any exact particulars as to his father. There is an interesting mystery about Mr. Blobbs—he cannot remember quite what he came out to this country for. However, this proves him, "A Man with a Past," and will make him doubly interesting to all intelligent readers.

Jessie M. Wood.

BALLADE OF FORGOTTEN LOVES.

SOME poets sing of sweethearts dead,
Some sing of true loves far away,
Some sing of those that others wed,
And some of idols turned to clay;
I sing a pensive roundelay
To sweethearts of a doubtful lot,
The passions vanished in a day—
The little loves that I've forgot.

For, as the happy years have sped,
And golden dreams have changed to gray,
How oft the flame of love was fed
By glance, or smile, from Maud or May,
When wayward Cupid was at play;
Mere fancies, formed of who knows
what?

But still my debt I ne'er can pay—
The little loves that I've forgot.

O joyous hours forever fled!
O sudden hopes that would not stay!
Held only by the slender thread
Of memory that's all astray.
Their very names I cannot say,
Time's will is done; I know them not;
But blessings on them all, I pray—
The little loves that I've forgot.

ENVOY.

Sweetheart, why foolish fears betray?
Ours is the one true lovers' knot;
Note well the burden of my lay—
The little loves that I've forgot.

Arthur Grissom.

"HOW did you like that cheap hotel you talked about last spring?"

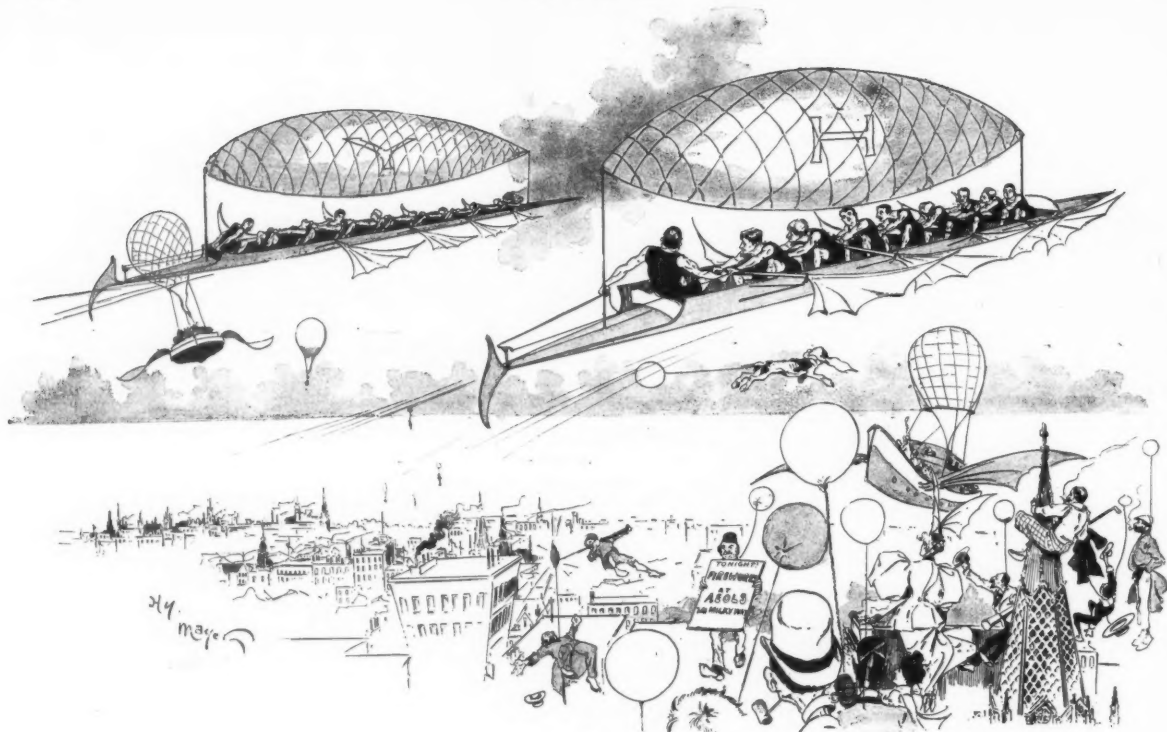
"First rate. Cheapest place I ever knew."

"But your wife says it was the most miserable place she ever saw."

"Oh, I didn't spend my vacation there."



"AS THE JUDGE PRONOUNCED SENTENCE THE PRISONER'S FACE FELL."



1905.

HARVARD AND YALE AGAIN.

NEXT TO HIS HEART.

SHE: Do you still treasure my photograph?
THE COLONEL: Do I! I've had it set in my pocket flask.



AN INDUCEMENT.

"WHY, YOU'VE ALREADY HAD FOUR WIVES!"
 "BUT THEY ARE NOT ALIVE, DEAREST."

A RARE EXAMPLE.



LIFE lifts its hat in acknowledgment to Governor Greenhalge of Massachusetts. That the "Veteran's Preference Bill" passed both houses of the Legislature over his veto was no fault of his. This bill was designed to set aside the civil service rules, and allow the members of the G. A. R. to grab everything in sight in the way of public preferment. The fitness of the veteran to occupy the place has nothing to do with the case, according to this pernicious bill. As the *Boston Herald* feelingly remarks: "There is no debt that the State of Massachusetts owes to the veteran soldiers that she has not already paid or is not in a position to pay," and this might with equal force be said of the whole country.

That Gov. Greenhalge is a G. A. R. man himself makes his action all the more conspicuous, for the influence of such a noble band is not calculated, at this late day, to make a man serve his country any better for being one of its members.



AN ELOPEMENT.

HOW DIFFERENTLY WE DO IT NOWADAYS!



"YOU DO NOT LIKE ANY OF THOSE PATTERNS, LADIES? HERE IS ONE THAT MAY PLEASE YOU."



JUST THE THING.

WHEN I proposed she did not blush, She simply shook her head, and yet
And not one word she said. No man in all the town
The maiden did not tell me yes— Could be more pleased than I was, for
She simply shook her head. She shook it up and down.

THE STUMBLING-BLOCK.

"THE manner in which my father-in-law has treated me," said the Count, "is shameful. He has allowed my debts to accumulate; my monthly remittances have fallen into arrears; he has left me penniless."
"But," said the lawyer, "that is not sufficient ground for divorce."
"I don't want a divorce," said the Count. "But can't I sue my father-in-law for damages? Has he not violated an implied contract?"
"Oh! yes," replied the lawyer. "You can prove cruelty and abandonment and non-support."
"You see no obstacle, then, to commencing such an action at once?"
"None—except that my retainer is payable in advance."
But the Count strode haughtily from the room.



HIS ANXIETY.

"YOUNG man," the solemn stranger said,
 "What's going on inside?"
 "A baseball game—eight innin's played,"
 The budding sport replied.
 "Baseball upon the Sabbath day?
 O wicked sinful land!
 Er—in the ninth now, did you say?
 Young man—how do they stand?"

—Kansas City Journal.

A NEW YORK undertaker, or funeral director, as the reader may prefer, advertised for a driver for a hearse, and among the applicants he selected a good-looking, strong fellow, with a solemn countenance, and took him into his private office.

"Before employing you," said the undertaker, "I want to know if you have had any experience in this business?"

"Well, I never drove a hearse," admitted the applicant, "but I've drove the next thing to it, and I guess I can give you satisfaction."

"How do you mean? I don't understand," and it was evident from the undertaker's puzzled look that he was speaking the truth.

"Why," said the applicant with confidence, "I drove a rapid delivery wagon in Philadelphia for seven years." He got the job.—New York Sun.

"ELOQUENCE is speaking out . . . out of the abundance of the heart," say the authors of "Guesses at Truth." An incident related by Doctor Barnardo, the English philanthropist who cares for friendless children, illustrates this characteristic of eloquence.

"I was standing," he said, "at my front door one bitter day in winter, when a little ragged chap came up to me and asked me for an order of admission. To test him I pretended to be rather rough with him.

"How do I know," I said, "if what you tell me is true? Have you any friends to speak for you?"

"Friends!" he shouted. "No, I ain't got no friends; but if these 'ere rags'—and he waved his arm about as he spoke—"won't speak for me, nothin' else will."—Ex.

PRESIDING MAGISTRATE: How came you to enter the premises?

PRISONER: Please, your worship, 2 A. M.; no police about; an open window on the ground floor—you would have climbed in yourself!—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"THIS is about the time of the year," said Mrs. Watts to her neighbor, "that the fishing fever strikes my husband. If he can get out on the banks of some creek and catch two or three little mudcats in the course of an afternoon, he is perfectly happy."

"So he is fond of fishing then?"

"Fond of fishing? Why that man is a perfect anglo-maniac."—*Texas Siftings*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

HEALTH NOTES FOR YOUNG WIVES.
 Amiee Raymond Schroeder, M. D. New York: William Wood and Company.

Oliver Cromwell. By George H. Clark, D. D. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Afloat With the Flag. By W. J. Henderson. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Adventures of Captain Horn. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Far From the Madding Crowd. By Thomas Hardy. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Poems of Paul Verlaine. Translated by Gertrude Hall. Chicago: Stone and Kimball.

Studies of Men. G. W. Smalley. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Yale Yarns. By John Seymour Wood. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Washington: or the Revolution. By Ethan Allen. Chicago and New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

SUB-EDITOR: How is Pennington on spelling anyway?

EDITOR: Well, he's a little too quaint for ordinary English and not quaint enough for dialect.—*Somerville Journal*.

THERE was a vivacious smile on her face which was most winsome.

"Oh, dear me," she murmured happily, "I've just gotten such a bargain!"

"How, dear?" inquired her friend.

"I sent a telegram, only a quarter for ten words, and at least six of them were words of more than three syllables!"—*Washington Star*.

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EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

IVORY SOAP

"Men should be what they seem," and so should soaps, but Ivory is the only soap that is 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ per cent pure.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CHICAGO.



THE ADIRONDACKS. Hotel Ampersand,

On Lower Saranac Lake.
 10 hours from New York without change.
 Centrally located. Within a short drive of all the principal resorts in the mountains.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Swimming, rowing, canoeing, sailing, tennis, baseball and dancing. Special rates for June. Delightful month in the mountains. For information address,

EATON & YOUNG,
 Ampersand, Franklin Co., N. Y.



TEUTONIC

A Concentrated
 Liquid Extract of
 Malt and Hops.

It contains a greater amount of nutritious matter than any other Liquid Malt Extract in the market. For convalescents, nursing mothers, sufferers from insomnia and dyspepsia—superior to any other Malt Extract on account of its purity, and unexcelled as a pleasant appetizer, invigorant, and a valuable substitute for solid food.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

TEUTONIC is a delightful table beverage.

S. LIEBMANN'S SONS' BREWING CO.,

36 Forrest Street, - Brooklyn, N. Y.

A WARM BATH WITH CUTICURA SOAP



And a single application of CUTICURA the great skin cure, will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to speedy, economical, and permanent cure of the most distressing of itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, and crusted skin and scalp diseases, after physicians, hospitals, and all else fail.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: BERRY, 1, King Edward st., London. POTTER & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S.

A PUPIL whispered in the next boy's ear: "Our teacher is a regular duffer."

The master, who had just put a question to the whole class, thought the pupil was framing a reply, and said to him:

"Come, my lad, speak up; perhaps you are right."—*Chronique*.

WE
PAY
POST-
AGE.

All you have guessed about insurance may be wrong. If you wish to know the truth, send for "How and Why," issued by the PENN MUTUAL LIFE, 921-3-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Rae's Lucca Oil The Perfection - - of Olive Oil.

Received the following awards at the COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

"For Purity, Sweetness, and Fine, Olive Flavor."
 "For Excellence of the Product and Size of Manufacture."

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE BY

Leghorn, Italy.

Established 1836.

S. Rae

"Monarch" Shirts

No waiting, no wondering if they'll fit. They're ready to wear and every garment guaranteed; all good grades; all prices. All leading retailers know of this brand of shirts. If your outfitter is out of size or style, let him get it for you. Always get right sleeve length.

SOUVENIR OF FASHIONS FREE

Very interesting and valuable. Write for it. CLUETT, COON & CO., Makers, Troy, N.Y.



The Ideal **HOTEL** of America
is the **VENDOME** on the
Back Bay **BOSTON** Commonwealth Ave.
C. H. GREENLEAF & CO.

PROFILE HOUSE
Indisputably the leading Summer Resort of N. E.

WHITE M'TNS
Location unsurpassed in scenic attractions.

TAFT & GREENLEAF.

Beecham's pills for constipation 10c. and 25c. Get the book at your druggist's and go by it.

Annual sales more than 8,000,000 boxes.

Beauty may be only skin deep, but **S-a-n-a-d-o-r Skin Soap** preserves it.

GREAT EDITOR: And did you write this say all by yourself?
LITERARY ASPIRANT: Yes; it is all my own work.
GREAT EDITOR: Well, then, Charles Lamb, I am very much pleased to meet you.
—Syracuse Post.

The "TRAMP" who tried soap two years ago and hasn't used any since—is only waiting and watching for **S-a-n-a-d-o-r Skin Soap**.

A BLIND beggar stationed near the Chateau d'Eau exhibited a card inscribed as follows:
"Kind, charitable souls, don't be ashamed of giving me a halfpenny. I am blind."
—Petit Parisien.

Science as applied to the art of cleanliness has reached high tide in **S-a-n-a-d-o-r Skin Soap**.

STERN FATHER OF THE GIRL: I saw you kiss my daughter as I passed the parlor awhile ago, and I want you to know I don't like it.

YOUNG MAN: You may not, but I do.—
Boston Globe.

S-a-n-a-d-o-r Skin Soap is the most wonderful soap known for baby blemishes.



La Caricature.

"WHAT ARE YOU AT WORK ON NOW?"
"WELL, I HAVE JUST FINISHED A LITTLE MASTERPIECE, BUT I HAVE A NOVEL UNDER WAY THAT WILL BE A GREAT DEAL BETTER."

Life's Monthly Calendar

FOR JULY,

CONTAINS

The "Trilby". Examination.

For the best replies to the following questions a prize of Twenty-five Dollars for the best set, Fifteen Dollars for the second best, and Ten Dollars for the third best will be awarded.

1. What does the author claim as the king of all instruments? Who does he claim was the greatest violinist of his time? What does he call the most bourgeois piece of music he knows?
2. What was Svengali's real name?
3. Where does the author state that he is a social lion? Where does he deny that he is a snob?
4. Where does he bring Little Billee in contact with Punch?
5. What does the Laird call M. de général Comte de la Tour-aux-Loups?
6. In what places does the author compare Gecko to a dog?
7. How old was Trilby when she died?
8. What was Little Billee's physical explanation of his inability to love?
9. What verbal description of one of the heroes contradicts almost every one of the author's drawings of him?
10. What incident of the story is inconsistent with the author's own argument in behalf of the nude in art.

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CHIMMIE FADDEN ON WIDOWS.

"SAY, I always taut dat widdys was old. Dey is down where I lives, and has rhumatiz, and never has no fun; but dis widdy don't trot in dat class. Why, dis one ain't much older dan de Duchess, who ain't much older dan me, and she ain't got no rhumatiz, for she's livelier on her pins dan a cable car goin round Union Square. Everybody says dat she ain't got a penny, but dat don't mean de same ting in de purlieus—say, dat's a winner, dat 'purlieus.' Do you cop it?—it don't mean de same ting in de purlieus of de aristocracy as it do in de Fort ward. Say, I'm dead on t' dat. Listen: De odder day I was comin in t' town for some errants for Miss Fannie, when de widdy cops me, and she says t' Miss Fannie, says she, 'Fannie, dear,' she says, 'can your man do a errant or two for me?' says she.

"'Certainly, me dear,' says Miss Fannie, and de widdy, she says, 'Me man,' says she. giving me a paper, 'just stop in t' dose places and leave dose orders. Here's me purse. If it hasn't enough in it, just have some of em charged.' Say, she started t' hand me her wad, and it was a lulu; but it had a string on it, for she pulls it back and says t' Miss Fannie, 'No, me dear; you know I hasn't a cent in de woeld, and I must practise economy. Your man can have em all charged.'

"Say, what do you tink of her?

"Dose tings I orders for her was flowers and candy and bunnets and dinky stuff in de dry-goods store, and golf sticks and gloves and I don't know what t'ell, and I never put up a bean; never showed de color of de long green onct. But de clerks gives me de glad hand like I'd trun boodle all over de stores.

"I wisht some of dose widdys down where I usty live had a dead easy graft like dat."
—Chimmie Fadden.

If you try t' find out what women dey do or don't do tings for, you're worse off your base dan before. See? De best way is t' take em as you find em, and try not go crazy tinkin bout it. Dat's right.—Chimmie Fadden.

"DAT'S de funny ting bout women. Dey tink dere husbands knows more dan dere fadders, dat dey knows more demselves dan dere husbands, and dat dere fadders knows more dan demselves. You can't make dat game fit togedder no way; dere is always one chicken outer de coop. See?—Chimmie Fadden.

LADY SPENCER once asked Dr. Warren, her medical attendant, whether the minds of physicians must not be frequently imbibited by the reflection that a different mode of treatment might have saved the lives of their patients. The doctor thought otherwise. "The balance between satisfaction and remorse must," he said, "be greatly in favor of satisfaction, and as an instance of this I trust I may have the pleasure of curing your ladyship forty times before killing you."—Household Words.



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